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THE
C U P U L O.
A
P O E M.

Occasion'd

By the Vote of the *House of
Commons*, for Covering that
of St. *PAUL's* with *British*
Copper.

*Hic Templum Junoni ingens Sidonia Dido
Condebat, Donis Opulentum, et Numine Divæ.
Ærea cui Gradibus surgebant Limina, nexæq;
Ære trabes : Foribus Cardo stridebat ahenis.*

Virg. *Æneid.* Lib. 1.

L O N D O N,

Printed : And Sold by *J. Morphew* near *Stationers-Hall.* 1708.

(Price Six-pence.)

THE
CUPUL
POEM

Occasional

By the Vote of the House of
Commons, for Covering that
of St. Paul's with Brass
Copper

The Temple of Juno in the City of London
Consecrated, under the Opulentia, to the Nuptial Rites.
After the Christian Invention, next
The temple: For the same purpose
Ving. Theod. 1711.

LONDON

Printed: And Sold by A. Worthington near St. Dunstons Church, 1708.
(Price Six pence)

The Epistle Dedicatory

~~... which I have before ...~~

~~... We therefore, you are to take it into~~

~~... your Hands with the same Religion, that~~

~~... oblig'd to go into the Printer's~~

~~... comes to me, to much as~~

~~... by way of Repose; and I have as little Thoughts~~

~~... of flattering you, as (I hope) you had of abu-~~

~~... ing me with a counterfeit~~

~~... since I am certain of your Sincerity~~

~~... I care, that you will receive this as a Token of~~

~~... mine, and give me Credit, when I tell you, that~~

~~... I am, without any manner of Reserve,~~

To my good Friend,
Mr. G - - - - -

S I R,

YOUR Opinion has given the following Poem Life; and it appears Abroad, to shew the Deference I pay'd, in not letting mine contradict it. 'Tis true, your Advice was directed to another Choice, by way of Patron; but you must pardon me, if my Sentiments made that Advice recoil upon your Self, since whatsoever Faults it may abound with, it gives no Offence to Friendship, when I leave it in the Hands of One that has befriended it. You have known it to be the Result of an involuntary Leisure, and you are most capable of giving an Account of it: 'Tis therefore submitted to your Perusal in Print, with the same Freedom that has been taken in requesting your Judgment when in Writing: And tho' it may surprize you with its Appearance after this Manner, you are to believe, that the Obligations I lie under, would not suffer it to go Abroad with another. To excuse what you have thought to be not intol-

A 2 rably

The Epistle Dedicatory.

rably perform'd, would be an Arraignment of a Judgment which I have before shewn my Submission to. Wherefore, you are to take it into your Hands with the same Resignation, that oblig'd it to go into the Printer's. Not that this comes to you by way of DEDICATION, so much as by way of PREFACE; and I have as little Thoughts of flattering you, as (I hope) you had of abusing me with a counterfeit Approbation. But since I am convinc'd of your Sincerity, I beg Leave, that you will receive this as a Token of mine, and give me Credit, when I tell you, that I am, without any manner of Reserve,

S I R,

Your most oblig'd,

A N D

Very humble Servant.

T H E

T H E
C U P U L O.

W*estward* from fair *Augusta's* City, lies
 A Fabrick, that detains the nicest Eyes ; *Westminst. Abby.*
 Fills ev'ry Soul with Wonder, as it stands,
 To shew the Workmanship of *Gothick* Hands ;
 To tempt our Notice, and to fix our Sight,
 With its amazing Structure, and its Height.
 Here Kings of Old their just Oblations pay'd,
 And where they first were crown'd, they daily pray'd ;
 Tho' since, new Customs have been introduc'd,
 While Closets are for their Cathedrals us'd ;
 And none but once approach the sacred Dome,
 'Till where they took their *Crown*, they take their Tomb.

Near it, contiguous to a spacious Hall,
 Where Laws are silent, tho' the Lawyers bawl,
 There stands a Dome, that wears St. *Stephen's* Name, *House of Commons.*
 Great in its Looks, but Greater in its Fame :
 Tho' the fam'd Martyr's Chappel has been stain'd
 By Rivulets of Blood from Martyrs drein'd,
 In factious Times, when Usurpation reign'd ;
 When Rebels kept their Sovereign in Awe,
 By making Laws to supercede the Law ;
 When Courts of Justice dar'd Injustice own ;
 False to their God, and treach'rous to the Throne.

As Loyalty the sacred Mansion fled,
And Anarchy let loose, around it spread.

Such was the goodly Pile in *Charles* his Days; Charles I.
Such its perfidious 'Tenants' Means and Ways;
Still to be mourn'd as long as Time shall last,
And Years to come, deduce a yearly Fast.
When such as *Eyres*, whose Elegance of Stile, *Vid. Dr. Eyres his Sermon, Jan. 30. 1707.*
Might Regicides to milder Thoughts beguile;
Might Cruelty subdue, and Faction tame,
And made some give their *Thanks*, that came to *blame*;
Shall from the Pulpit, with intrepid Tongue,
Proclaim the Subjects Guilt, and Sov'reign's Wrong.

Not but their Successors have other Thoughts,
And nobly fill their Seats, to shun their Faults;
To give fresh Lustre to the sacred Place;
Since Matters now put on a better Face,
And under God-like ANNA's gentle Sway;
'Tis almost more than Empire, to obey.
Service is more than Freedom, in a Land
Where those live most uneasy, that command.

'Twas here *Great Britain's* first Assembly met;
Not as of Old, to run the State in Debt;
To make Deficiencies of Funds appear,
Or bring us ev'ry Winter in Arrear.
Much nobler Projects urg'd their wise Debates;
How to secure and save insulted States;

How

How to keep *Europe's* Interest in their View;
 Just to themselves, and to their Neighbours true:
 Alliances they form'd, and Troops they pay'd,
 Timely to give an injur'd Monarch Aid: Charles III.
 To succour *Germany*, and rescue *Spain*
 From a *French* Yoke, and base inglorious Chain.

Amidst the various Objects of their Zeal
 For *Europe's* Safety, and for *Britain's* Weal,
 Nothing their Consultations more employ'd,
 Than ruin'd Temples, and than Fanes destroy'd:
 Tho' some their Ignorance and Malice vent,
 By calling it a Low-Church Parliament.
 Far be the vile Distinction banish'd hence;
 Plain Contradiction in a litt'ral Sense;
 Since who is Master of his Wits, must own
Low-Flyers hate the Church, and are for none.
 Meer Insects, that, like Maggots in a Shell,
 Who work thro' Tenements wherein they dwell,
 Haunt Churches, only Churches to betray,
 As Wolves that seek Enclosures, but for Prey.

Long had St. *Paul* look'd downward from the Sky,
 To see his fav'rite Pile unfinish'd lie;
 And ev'n in fair *Augusta's* Bosom plac'd,
 Its Altars unrebuilt, its Shrines defac'd.
 As thrice three Lustres had their Circle run,
 Before his Temple seem'd but just begun;
 Yet Funds were fix'd, and Legacies were found,
 To raise its drooping Glories from the Ground;

And

And Patriots, with Alacrity of Soul,
Voted what *fell* by FIRE, should *rise* by COAL.

When glorious ANNA's Golden Age appear'd,
And up the sacred Pile its Turrets rear'd ;
Nor longer could its high Ascent refrain,
But rose like *Carthage* under *Dido's* Reign ;
Huge massy Pillars groan'd beneath its Weight ;
At once a House of Pray'r, and House of State.
Within all Beauty, and without all Grace ;
The Furniture proportion'd to the Case.
Here the *Corinthian* Order was display'd,
And there the *Dorick* on that Order lay'd ;
While, to support them both, the *Gothick* stood
For Age renown'd, tho' obsolete and rude.
Jointly they pleas'd the most observant View,
Which neither of them could distinctly do.
Thus Unisons, in Musick's sacred Art,
No Pleasure to the list'ning Ear impart ;
But when the Treble, Tenor, and the Base,
Are mix'd, and each supplies its proper Place,
Discordant Strings their sev'ral Voices join,
And Disagreement makes their Sound divine.

The BASS-RELIEVE, *without* such Rev'rence cast,
As ev'n its *inward* Ornaments surpass'd,
And Imag'ry display'd, so justly wrought,
That shew'd an Excellence of Hand and Thought.
Not *Attick* Sculptures could more lively seem,
Or more engross our Wonder and Esteem,
Since wond'rous was its *Work*, as wond'rous was its *Theme* :
Whether

Whether the learn'd Apostle *preaching* stood,
 To teach *Ephesians* Truths himself persu'd;
 Or from his Horse, all prostrate on the Ground,
 Heard, with Amazement, the converting Sound,
 That cry'd, *Saul, Saul, why persecut'st thou me?*
 His Soul enlighten'd, tho' he could not see.

Here, all *Attention* was his *Audience* form'd,
 Ravish'd with *Pleasure*, and *Devotion* warm'd:
 There, was *Confusion* and *Repentance* shewn,
 And ev'n Self-consciousness appear'd in Stone,
 Which vocally, like *Memnon's* Statue, spoke
 Submission to that God that gave the Stroke,
 While ev'n the Beast, on which he rid, confess'd
 A Sense of Horror, not to be express'd.
 So *Phidias*, with inimitable Art,
 Motion to lifeless Figures could impart;
 And so *Praxiteles* his Skill convey'd
 Speech almost to the Statues which he made.

Just in the Centre of the lofty Dome,
 Arose what conquers *Italy* and *Rome*;
 Lessens the Wonders are *St. Peter's* boast,
 Superior in Design, as well as Cost:
 Of Mountain Bulk, and of stupendous Size,
 Its Eminence aspiring to the Skies:
 Of Height sufficient amidst Stars to shine,
 Like *Tenariff* on this side of the Line,
 Which its moist Head in aery Regions shrouds,
 And dips its rising Summit in the Clouds.

What Art could do, or Industry invent,
 Upon this Master-piece of Art was spent;
 Ineffable its Circuit and Extent.
 And as by Rules Vitruvian we must go,
 This Structure's to be stil'd, A CUPULO;
 Which *Nom de Guerre*, may serve it for a Name,
 Tho' *Cupulo's* and *Steeple's* are the same.

The Mafons and the Carpenters had done,
 And almost ev'ry Trade, what each begun,
 As ev'ry Part compleatly finish'd stood,
 Except its aery Top, then cloath'd with Wood;
 Which made 'em to the Senate-House apply,
 To know what it should wear so near the Sky;
 Since *Boreas* in those Parts was very bold,
 And that thin Atmosphere was very cold.

They, for their Parts, did all that Men could do,
 To save Cathedrals, and their Steeples too;
 Voted, without Reserve, to make it fine,
 And amidst other Orbs of Light to shine;
 That Solunarian Worlds, which round us run,
 Might gaze, and take it for another Sun.
 Ev'n KIRK resolv'd, that since the Dome was built,
 It ought in Conscience to be double Gilt:
 But what to cloath it with, remain'd a Doubt,
 By which to keep cold Winter's Weather out.

Silver, they plainly saw, was very dear,
 And knew, that *Gold* was not *superfluous* here:
 Wherefore, some native Min'ral they'd explore,
 Without th' Expences of a foreign Oar.

Some

Some were for having their Opinion pass,
 And humbly mov'd, the Cov'ring might be BRASS;
 Because it was demonstratively true,
Brass was a Min'ral would be *miss'd* by few.

The Mine-Adventurers their Judgment gave,
 Asserting, that their LEAD would Charges save;
 To which, by way of Answer, was reply'd,
 The Virtues of their LEAD had oft been try'd;
 And 'twas a Sign their Shares were like to rise,
 When they expos'd an Oar at such a Price;
 That was, as often has been told in Print,
 To be *refin'd* for *Coynage* in the Mint.
 Besides, tho' they should sell that Min'ral cheap,
Lead was a sure Provocative of Sleep;
 Since *Morpheus* not improperly is said
 To keep his Residence in Mines of *Lead*,
 And many an *Alderman*, that makes a Stir,
 With *Sherriffs*, who have cough'd at Church in Fur;
 As well as Mayors, that make a mighty Do
 To get Precedency of Stall or Pew,
 Have slept and nodded Afternoons entire,
 Since LEAD was made the Cov'ring to the Choir.

Sir -----, at this, was mightily concern'd,
 That one so deeply read, profoundly learn'd,
 Who for the *Church's* Good had drawn his Quill,
 And Casuistically shewn his Skill,
 Should be deny'd in such a righteous Suit,
 Unworthy of a Man of his Repute:
 One that had done such Wonders for the Cause,
 And for the Gospel's Sake laid down the Laws;

To be refus'd a Post for which he bid,
 And Pinnacles not cloath on which he rid.
 He'd place this Grievance to the Nation's Score,
 When next he brought in Bills to starve the Poor.

When C-----s M-----rs brought their Verdict in,
 That Lanthorns always should be made of Tin.
 And this was nothing else, for all its Height,
 But a huge LANTHORN, to let in the Light.
 Tho' what they offer'd, would not stand the Test,
 And they made fruitless Motions, like the rest.

At last an Advocate for COPPER, rose,
 Born in a Clime where British Copper grows;
 And full of Argument, produc'd his Plea,
 Which terminated in a joint Decree,
 That since that Min'ral did Convenience suit,

Had Saint! thy Breast of Anger now disarm;
 What if our Copper Smiths have done thee Harm?
 Thy Grievances that Function will requite,
 And many COPPER SMITHS will do thee Right.

